

VISIT...

LANZAROTE  
*Caliente*.COM

# STEPHEN KING THE STAND



**MARVEL**  
LIMITED SERIES  
3 of 5  
PARENTAL ADVISORY

## Captain Trips

AGUIRRE-SACASA

PERKINS

MARTIN

# STEPHEN KING THE STAND

**Creative Director & Executive Director: STEPHEN KING**

**Script: ROBERTO AGUIRRE-SACASA**

**Art: MIKE PERKINS**

**Color Art: LAURA MARTIN**

**Lettering: CHRIS ELIOPOULOS**

**Cover: LEE BERMEJO**

**Production: PAUL ACERIOS**

**Assistant Editors: LAUREN SANKOVITCH, LAUREN HENRY & NATHAN COSBY**

**Consulting Editor: BILL ROSEMANN**

**Senior Editor: RALPH MACCHIO**

**Vice President of Creative: TOM MARVELLI**

**Senior Vice President of Publishing Sales: DAVID GABRIEL**

**Senior Vice President of Strategic Development: RUWAN JAYATILLEKE**

**Editor in Chief: JOE QUESADA**

**Publisher: DAN BUCKLEY**

**Special Thanks to CHUCK VERRILL, MARSHA DEFILIPPO, BRIAN STARK,  
JIM NAUSEDAS, JIM MCCANN, ARUNE SINGH, CHRIS ALLO and JEFF SUTER.**

**For more information on THE STAND comics, visit: [MARVEL.COM/COMICS/THE\\_STAND](http://MARVEL.COM/COMICS/THE_STAND)**

**To find Marvel Comics at a local comic shop, call 1-888-COMICBOOK.**

THE STAND: CAPTAIN TRUPP No. 3, January, 2008. Published Monthly by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 8th Avenue, New York, NY 10018. © 2008 Stephen King. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Stephen King. Published by arrangement with The Doubleday Broadway Publishing Group, a division of Random House, Inc. This comic series is produced under license from The Doubleday Broadway Publishing Group and Stephen King. Marvel and its logos are TM & © Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$2.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$4.50 in Canada (GST #R12703282) in the direct market; Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in Canada. ALAN FINE, CEO Marvel Toys & Publishing Divisions and GMD Marvel Entertainment, Inc.; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Publishing Sales & Circulation; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Business Affairs & Talent Management; MICHAEL PASQUILLO, VP Merchandising & Communications; JIM O'KEEFE, VP of Operations & Logistics; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIE, Director of Editorial Operations; SUSAN CRESPY, Editorial Operations Manager; OMAR OTIKU, Production Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Mitch Dane, Advertising Director, at [mdane@marvel.com](mailto:mdane@marvel.com). For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-6158.

# PREVIOUSLY IN THE STAND...

Captain Trips is spreading:

After an accident at the mysterious Project Blue government facility in the Californian desert, a deadly, mutating, flu-like virus has started to decimate the country's population...

The outlook, as far as the government's concerned, is not good: Captain Trips, as the virus is called, has a mortality rate in excess of 99 percent, and the one person exposed who seems immune, Stuart Redman (in custody at the CDC in Atlanta), isn't giving them many answers...

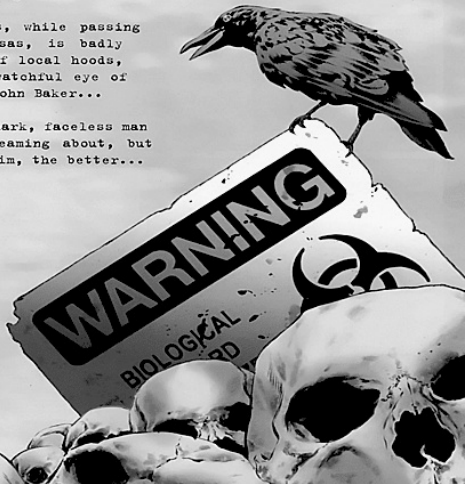
And meanwhile, the vast majority of the country remains oblivious, dealing with their own personal problems:

Frannie Goldsmith, in Maine, has just told her father that she's pregnant and that she isn't going to marry her boyfriend...

On-the-rise recording star Larry Underwood has fled his life in Los Angeles to "get his head straight" in New York, moving back in with his long-suffering mother...

Deaf-mute Nick Andros, while passing through Shoyo, Arkansas, is badly beaten by a quartet of local hoods, ending up under the watchful eye of Shoyo's sheriff, John Baker...

And then there's the dark, faceless man Stu Redman's been dreaming about, but the less said about him, the better...





REPORT ANY COLD SYMPTOMS  
NO MATTER HOW MINOR  
TO YOUR SUPERVISOR  
AT ONCE



*The clock in the nurses' station touched midnight, and Nurse Patty Greer's break ended.*

*Patty had to take Stuart Redman's blood, and it irked her.*

*She thought of him as an "old poop," and Patty--who had broken a leg when she was seven and had never spent a day in bed since--had little patience for "old poops."*

Good luck with Grumpy, Patty.

Thanks, Janine.

*On her way to the white room where she would be sprayed and then helped into her hazard suit, Patty's nose began to tickle.*

*She sneezed, lightly, into her hankie three times, and thought nothing of it.*

*Before reaching the white room, Patty infected an orderly, a doctor just coming off his shift, and another nurse on her midnight rounds.*

*A new day--and a new chapter for Captain Trips--had begun.*

**BURRACK, ARIZONA.  
A DAY LATER.**

**LLOYD HENREID AND  
ANDREW "POKE" FREEMAN:**

*Had killed six  
people in as  
many days.*

*The radio was  
referring to them  
as "interstate  
fugitives."*

*Lloyd, especially,  
liked the sound  
of that.*



*Gangbusters, Lloyd thought, then rified:*

*Take that, ya dirty rat.*

*Have a lead sandwich, ya lousy copper.*



*Their stolen car was full of dope and shooting irons.*

*Two .38s, three .45s, the .357 Mag that Poke called his "Pokerizer," six shotguns, and Lloyd's favorite: a Schmeisser submachine gun.*



*The idea was that they should pull a quick score. Get some money, get some maps, switch cars, and head north by the secondary roads.*

*Get out of Arizona.*



*You ready?*

*I guess so.*

*They were stoned, paranoid, running on fumes.*



Inside, the shop smelled of stale licorice, sun, tobacco, and age.

Present were: the shop's proprietor; a cowboy buying smokes and Slim Jims; and a tired-looking woman deciding which spaghetti sauce her husband might like best.

SODA SODA WATER JUICES





Poke?

Shot me,  
Lloyd! He  
shot me!

Look  
out--



Lloyd swung around  
and fired at the  
cowboy more in  
reflex than in  
self-defense.



And he felt more than heard  
the cowboy's bullet as it  
zipped past him, close enough  
to part his hair.



As for the cowboy, a man  
named Bill Markson...



Bastard  
shot me! Stupid  
bastard blew  
my face off!

It's...it's  
okay, poke, I  
got him.



Screw  
this.

**Screw the money,**  
Lloyd thought. **There's**  
**money everywhere.**

**THE ARIZONA STATE PATROL**  
**STOPPING BY FOR HOT**  
**DOGS AND SLUSHEES.**

Hold it--  
hold it right  
there!

What's  
going on  
here?

Three people dead!  
Well of a mess! Guy  
that did it went out  
the back! I'm  
getting outta  
here!

He's lying! He shot  
Bill Markson! T'other  
one shot Missus  
Storm! I shot  
t'other one!

Put  
your hands  
up--right--  
now!

Less than an hour later, Lloyd Henreid  
would be in the Apache County pen,  
cursing the day he'd crossed paths with  
Poke, a little over a year ago, on a  
minimum security workfarm in Nebraska.

OGUNQUIT, MAINE:

THE GOLDSMITH  
FAMILY PARLOR!

Frannie Goldsmith had been listening to the measured ticks and tocks of the grandfather clock in her mother's parlor all of her life.

For Frannie, the clock summed up the room. Oppressive and hateful. Everything she wished she could forget from her childhood.

How could you do it?  
Go out and--and rut  
with that boy like a  
bitch in heat?

Mother--

Carla...

Are you  
expecting to  
stay in this house?  
Are you expecting  
us to feed you  
and board  
you?

Well, no!  
I will not  
have it!

I don't--I'm  
*not* staying here.  
I'm staying with either  
Bobbi in Porchester or  
Pebbie in Somersworth.  
I suppose.

Not that it's  
any business  
of yours.

No business of mine? You  
ungrateful little--

There's not  
a bit of shame  
in you!

My God, what  
this is going to do  
to your father and  
me! It will break  
your father's  
heart--

It don't feel  
so broken.







You stopped caring about Frannie when Fred died. That was when you decided that caring hurt too much.

You doted on your dead family and forgot the part of it still living.



Don't you talk about Fred! Don't you talk to me about my son!



He was *my* son, too, but he's dead, Carla. And Frannie and her baby are alive. And if you drive her off, you'll have nothing but-- but this room and a husband who'll hate you for what you did.



Daddy...

Mother...

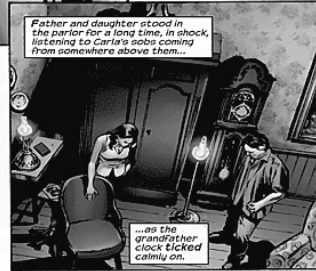


I... I want to go upstairs and... lie down.

I think... I think I'd better lie down...



Carla Goldsmith left the room, then, listing like a drunken woman. She wouldn't let her husband or daughter help her, though both offered.



Father and daughter stood in the parlor for a long time, in shock, listening to Carla's sobs coming from somewhere above them...

...as the grandfather clock ticked calmly on.

SHOYO, ARKANSAS.

THE HOME OF SHERIFF AND JANE BAKER.

NICK ANDROS, HAVING HIS  
FIRST HOME-COOKED MEAL  
IN A LOOONG TIME.





## SHOYO JAIL.

There are four jail cells in Sheriff Baker's station.

Vincent Hogan was in one--

Bill Warner was in one--

And Mike Childress was in one--



The fourth and last cell was empty because Ray Booth, brother to Jane Baker and ringleader of the three hoods who beat Nick black and blue, had skipped town.



For the most part, Nick sat turned away from the cells, so he wouldn't be able to lip-read his prisoners' taunts and jeers--



But every now and then he caught a tidbit--



So Nick had an appropriate response ready:



At the request of Jane Baker, Nick wrote out his life story. It was mostly the story of how he'd learned to read and to write.

He'd grown up in an orphanage, angry and isolated, unreachable. Then a teacher named Rudy Sparkman decided he was worth something. Gave Nick a blank sheet of paper, pointed at it, pointed at Nick, then pointed at the sheet again.

It took Nick awhile to figure it out, but he did, finally. Rudy was saying to him: You are this blank page.

You are this blank page.

Six years of struggle later, he could read, write, and read lips.

That night, Nick dreamed:

He was walking along a country road, through endless fields of green corn, looking for something, but he didn't know what.

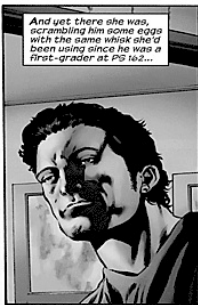
And he was terribly afraid of something that seemed to be behind him, following him...

**BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.**  
**LARRY UNDERWOOD.**



I have a cold that wants to break me.

I hate to call in sick on a Friday, so many people do, but I'm running a fever and I have swollen glands.



*And yet there she was, scrambling him some eggs with the same whisk she'd been using since he was a first-grader at PS 162...*



Did you call the doctor?

No, sir. I'll stay home and take aspirin, and by tomorrow this time I'll be on the downhill side of it.



*Since there was no arguing with her, Larry tried to help instead.*

Honestly, You're going to give yourself a hernia so I can watch 'Let's Make a Deal.'

After getting her juice and NuQuil at the bodega, they realized there was little to do except get on each other's nerves.

Larry told Alice he might go out and see some more of the city.

That's a good idea...  
I...I'm going to take a nap, I think.

You're a good boy, Larry...

Rest, Mom.

I love you.

He took the subway to Times Square, getting more excited with each stop.

He expected the city to look different since the last time he'd seen it. More magical, somehow.

But when he came up the stairs from the R train...

*It all looked the same. Oh, there were fewer massage parlors and X-rated movies, but it was very much the same city he'd left behind...*

*Coca-Cola*

*And that made Larry sad.*

**SAMURAI SAMURAI**

**FOODS**

**Par**



*He realized, in a matter of seconds, that he had forgotten what it was like to be a part of New York.*

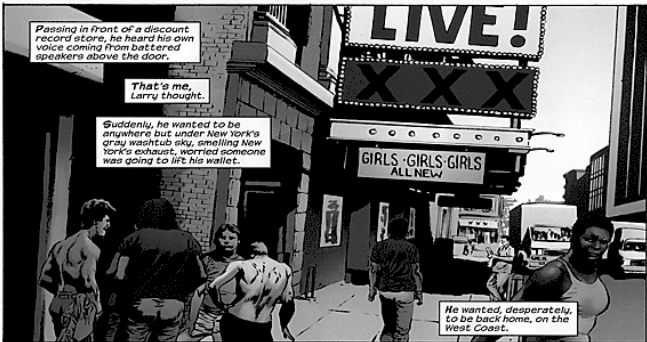
*And that he had no particular urge to return.*



*Passing in front of a discount record store, he heard his own voice coming from battered speakers above the door.*

*That's me, Larry thought.*

*Suddenly, he wanted to be anywhere but under New York's gray wastebowl sky, smelling New York's exhaust, worried someone was going to lift his wallet.*



*He wanted, desperately, to be back home, on the West Coast.*



**CALIFORNIA. PROJECT BLUE.**

**GENERAL BILL STARKEY, FROM  
BAD NEWS TO WORSE**

What  
is it now,  
Len?

The press,  
General.

**LEN CREIGHTON:**

A doctor in  
Sipe Springs, Texas--  
about 400 miles from  
Arnette--has apparently  
made some good guesses  
about *Blue*. And now, a  
pair of reporters from  
Houston have linked  
what's happening in  
Sipe Springs--

--to what's already  
happened in Arnette,  
Verona, Commerce  
City, Polliston, and  
every other damn  
town we've  
quarantined...

So our  
little "situation"  
is about to  
see print.

Looks  
like.

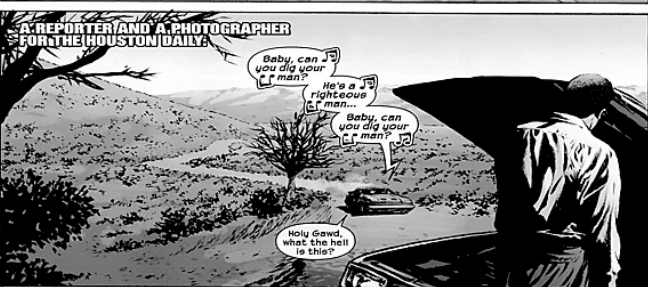
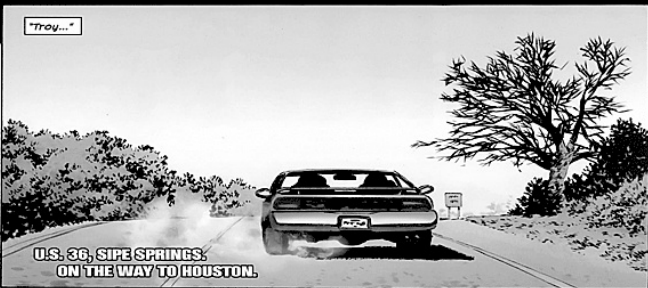
What do  
you want to  
do here,  
Bill?

A regrettable  
incident has occurred,  
Len. Involving a branch  
of the United States  
military.

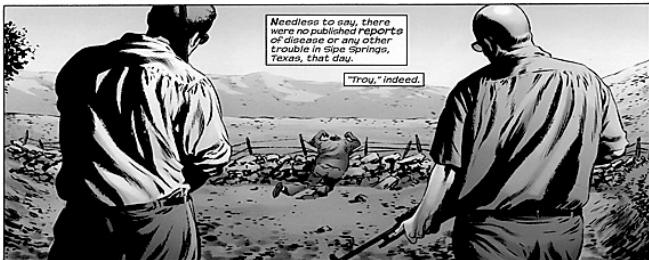
At a certain point,  
you *stop* questioning  
the roots of the incident  
and you start asking  
yourselves: How can that  
branch best be  
pruned?

The service is  
mother and father  
to us, Len. And if you  
find your mother raped  
or your father beaten  
and robbed, before you  
call the police or start  
an investigation, you  
cover their  
nakedness.

Because  
you love  
them.







STOVINGTON, VERMONT:  
THE OTHER CDC.

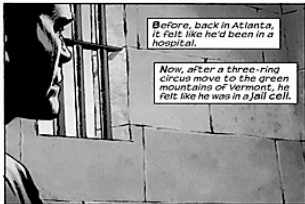


Stu Redman was frightened.



Before, back in Atlanta, it felt like he'd been in a hospital.

Now, after a three-ring circus move to the green mountains of Vermont, he felt like he was in a jail cell.



Something must have happened.

Someone must have slipped.

No one confirmed this, but Stu had a sense that most everyone back in Atlanta must be getting a chance to research the superflu firsthand.



They were still doing tests on him here, but they seemed... desultory. The schedule was slipshod.

Mr. Redman?



Even worse...

...even worse was the guns.

No one came into his room unless accompanied by a soldier with a gun.

The guns meant, in a way, that he had become expendable.

No more games like he had pulled on Peitz.

The simple fact was: Stu Redman was scared for his life.

Being under detention was bad. Being under detention and being expendable...

...that was very bad.

Thank you, Mr. Redman.

And not for the first time...

...Stu wondered if it would be possible to escape from this place.

TO BE CONTINUED...

# The Stand: Ralph Macchio Q&A

*The editor in charge of giving Stephen King's masterpiece the Marvel treatment speaks on the challenges and rewards of the blockbuster adaptation*

By Sean T. Collins

*The infection is spreading.*

**THE STAND: CAPTAIN TRIPS#1** has already hit the stands, and the response from comic book readers and Stephen King fans alike has been feverish. Presiding over it all: Marvel Senior Editor Ralph Macchio. With one King-based series under his belt already in **THE DARK TOWER**, Macchio has proven the ideal candidate for bringing the dark tale of disease and demons chronicled in "The Stand" into the sequential art realm.

Macchio took time out of his busy schedule to speak with **Marvel.com** about what editing a project like this entails, answer questions about straddling the comics and prose worlds, and tease the explosions he can't wait for the comic to set off.

**Marvel.com:** The first issue of **THE STAND: CAPTAIN TRIPS** has hit the, uh, stands. How does it feel to have your baby out there for the world to see? Are you pleased with how it turned out?

**Ralph Macchio:** I'm pleased that we were faithful to the letter and spirit of Stephen King's work. We accomplished what we set out to do and it's been positively received by both the reading public and those two who count most: Chuck Verrill, Stephen's literary agent, and by Stephen himself. You can't ask for higher praise than that.

**Marvel.com:** One thing I've noticed in the first issue is that it's doing a good job of capturing the deadpan horror, if there's such a thing, of the original King prose. Is that important to you, or are you okay with taking things in another direction if you feel like the comics medium calls for that?

**Ralph Macchio:** We fully intend to maintain the tone of the original, no moving off-track. "The Stand" takes you into an apocalyptic landscape that's eerily familiar and we intend to follow that template. Writer Roberto Aguirre-Sacasa and artist Mike Perkins have done an incredible job of maintaining that feel.

**Marvel.com:** What's been the most challenging aspect of working on the series so far? How have you tried to overcome that challenge?

**Ralph Macchio:** Just making sure we stayed close to King's vision and gave ample space for all the important scenes. Roberto pulled that off beautifully.

**Marvel.com:** How do you interact with Roberto and Mike? What's the nature of your collaborative relationship on this series?

**Ralph Macchio:** Roberto does a synopsis of each story arc and then does his script for the individual issues. We see everything along the way. And Mike sends in each page he does over the computer, one at a time for us to approve. And it's a pleasure to look at everything when you're dealing with talents of this caliber.

**Marvel.com:** How closely are you working with King himself? What is his role in the process?

---

**"We fully intend to maintain the tone of the original novel. 'The Stand' takes you into an apocalyptic landscape that's eerily familiar and we intend to follow that template."**

---

**Ralph Macchio:** Stephen is, of course, the final authority on this project. It's his baby. He can veto anything he wants. He sees the character designs, the scripts and the art and the finished book. He can request any changes at any step of the way. He's one of the nicer people you could ever be fortunate enough to work with.

**Marvel.com:** How different is the role of an editor in an adaptation than in an original story?

**Ralph Macchio:** My role as editor hasn't changed. I'm still trying to see that we deliver the best work we can in the time our creators have to work on it. And my job is to oversee the editorial process as it is on any book I edit.

**Marvel.com:** It seems safe to assume that *THE STAND* will do gangbusters business in the bookstore market. Do you find yourself recalibrating in any way to suit that audience, as opposed to the traditional comics consumer?

**Ralph Macchio:** No recalibration on this end. We hope the book will be commercially successful and we intend to give it the best we've got. But I don't approach the book differently than any other book I'm editing. The only thing I'd add is that if you're a "Stand" fan, I believe you'll find this a really enjoyable comic.

---

**"I don't approach the book differently than any other book I'm editing. The only thing I'd add is that if you're a 'Stand' fan, I believe you'll find this a really enjoyable comic."**

---

**Marvel.com:** The definitive, uncut version of the novel "The Stand" takes place in the early '90s. Are you preserving that time period, or updating it to the late '00s?

**Ralph Macchio:** That was an aspect of the book we thought a great deal about and solicited advice from both Chuck and Stephen. The consensus is that we will maintain the time period from the novel and will only update if it becomes absolutely necessary. We don't want to draw attention to a particular time with this series.

**Marvel.com:** Any favorite scenes you can't wait to show?

**Ralph Macchio:** I can't wait to see Mike's rendition of the Trashcan Man blowing things up, especially those big gas or oil tanks!

---

**"'THE STAND' remains a highly topical work because the threat of disease being passed from one person to another has never been greater. Look at the bird flu scare that's still out there."**

---

**Marvel.com:** We're sort of saturated with post-apocalyptic fiction these days. Is it something in the air? What makes *THE STAND* stand out?

**Ralph Macchio:** When haven't we been saturated with post-apocalyptic stuff? "*THE STAND*" remains a highly topical work because the threat of disease being passed from one person to another has never been greater. Look at the bird flu scare that's still out there. "*THE STAND*" is also highly relevant because it's a story of profoundly diverse characters having to find ways to work together to survive in their brave new world.

**Read the original article  
on [Marvel.com](#)**



# The Stand: Script To Final

## PAGE TWO.

### PANEL ONE.

Cut to: A nice, big, Mighty Marvel splash page. A parking lot that's baking under the hot Arizona sun. Our first two "bad guys," Lloyd and Foke, are walking from their stolen white Cadillac (parked in the background), towards a gas station/convenience store, which we don't have to necessarily see in this panel. But they're loaded for bear, Mike, and should look almost like... strutting desperadoes (only more pathetic). Lloyd is holding a Schmeisser; Foke's got a .357. If they weren't so stupid, they'd be real bad-asses, though I guess you can draw them that way, if you want, Mike.

FLOATING TEXT: BURRECK, ARIZONA.

FLOATING TEXT: A DAY LATER.

CAPTION: Lloyd Henreid and Andrew "Foke" Freeman.

CAPTION: Had killed six people in as many days.

CAPTION: The radio was referring to them as "interstate fugitives."

CAPTION: Lloyd, especially, liked the sound of that.



## PAGE EIGHTEEN.

### PANEL ONE.

Back to a shot that includes both of our players, Mike, Starkey, pulling the trigger. Len, nervous, wanting to make sure he heard Starkey correctly. ("Troy," in other words, is like hitting the red button.)

STARKEY: Extreme covert countermeasures, Len.

STARKEY: "Troy."

LEN: Bill...

### PANEL TWO.

One final beat, focusing on Starkey. He's not kidding around. No backing down. He means business. (And every other military cliché you can think of...)

STARKEY: I repeat, Len...

### PANEL THREE.

Cut to: A lonely highway somewhere in southern Texas, the middle of the day. A car (a nondescript Pontiac) is driving along, away from us, the readers, and towards either a bend/turn in the highway, or a hill they're about to crest. (What I'm trying to get at, Mike, is that whoever's driving the car in this panel is about to be surprised by something in the middle of the highway/road.)

CAPTION: "Troy..."

DROP TEXT: US 36, SIFE SPRINGS.

DROP TEXT: ON THE WAY TO HOUSTON.

### PANEL FOUR.

Now place the "camera" in front of the Pontiac; it's heading for us. And inside, we have two average, newspaper-type guys. (Dealer's choice what they look like, Mike, but the photographer, riding shotgun, should be overweight and sweaty.) NOTE: The radio in the car is obviously playing Larry Underwood's hit single, "Baby, Can You Dig Your Man?" ANOTHER NOTE: Both of the guys in the car, but especially the photographer, have just spotted/been surprised by something in the middle of the highway, so their expressions should reflect that.

CAPTION: A REPORTER AND A PHOTOGRAPHER FOR THE HOUSTON DAILY.

RADIO: Baby, can you dig your man?

RADIO: He's a righteous man...

RADIO: Baby, can you dig your man?

PHOTOGRAPHER: Holy Gawd, what the hell is this?





STEPHEN KING  
**THE STAND**  
ISSUE  
4



PREVIEW

# The Stand #4 Preview



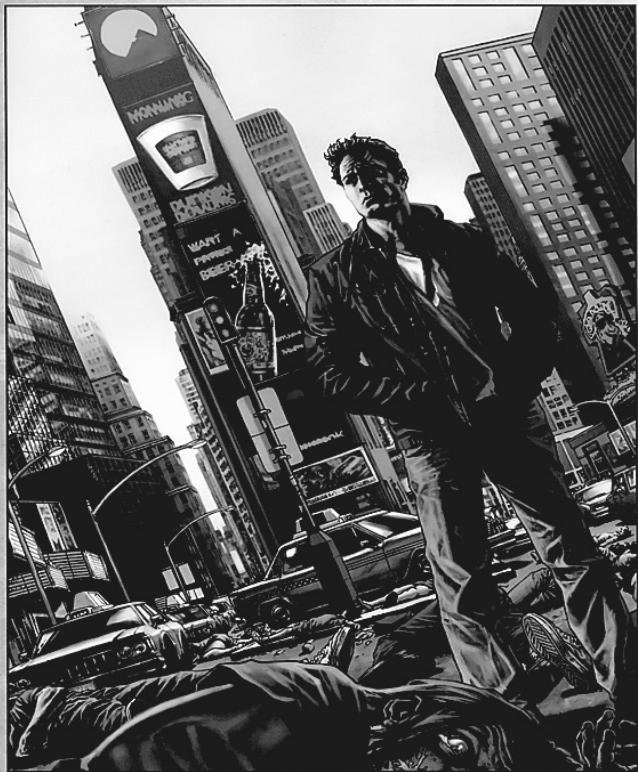
# The Stand #4 Preview



# The Stand #4 Preview



**NEXT: Things get worse as the deadly effects of the superflu hit our cast full-force!**



"A classy and faithful piece of horror comic storytelling."

—SFX Magazine



The end is nigh as a deadly plague sweeps the nation and widespread panic overcomes the dying masses of America in a terrifying and inexorable tide. Who will be left to rebuild on the ruins of their past lives as the ancient rivalry of Good vs. Evil has only just begun?

Based on the popular apocalyptic novel by celebrated author Stephen King, *The Stand* brings together critically acclaimed writer Roberto Aguirre-Sacasa (*Sensational Spider-Man*, *Angel: Revelations*, HBO's *Big Love*) and the gritty visuals of artist Mike Perkins (*Captain America*) to tell a tale which begins at the end of the world.

\$3.99 US \$4.50 CAN

PARENTAL ADVISORY  
FOR STRONG LANGUAGE & CONTENT



WWW.MARVEL.COM

DIRECT EDITION







*ReZone*

**MUTEMEN**

